
Title: Betrayel of Tragedy

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"The job, Marius... I
donna have time for
your constant prattling
about morals and how
we should respect
these... mortals..."
Arms twisted behind
his back, hands
clasping eachother to
support the regal sort
of appearance. Staring
out through the panes
of glass into the
snowy storm outside,
Ravek's black eyes
slithered in their
sockets as they
searched the snowy
mass for movement.
His pale skin gave him
the appearance of a
marble chisled statue,
a medium hieght and
baring the features of
a most handsome elf.
Behind him sat a less
then appreciative to
look at figure. Aside
from the equally pale
skin, his features
where far from
handsome. But that
would depend apon
who had looked at him.
Hair adorned this
man in great quantity,
arms, hands, and even
a gruff beard around
his face. The
features would at
first remind one of an
animal did they not
look through the
features to the eyes
which kinderd a sort
of haplisness and loss
in each brown orb.
Turning slowly on his

heels to face Marius,
a vicious grin spread
over Ravek's face
showing both fangs in
all their glory.

"Ye know me feeling
on this lad... I nary
ever did care for those
blighters in high I did,
but to do this? Bloody
disgraceful! Bloody
tis, aye... and
demands retribution!"
With each word the
Gangrel's eyes turned
more from their
human state to a more
predatory sort of
gleam.

"So you would have me
repay violence with
violence? Not that I
have any qualms with
this... but this doesn't
do much for my
enigmatic position...
they will take actions
against me for this...
IF you somehow
persuade me the risk
is worthy of
course..."

"Aye lad, it will be...
as te' ye workings... I
have the Prince's full
support in this
business I do...
blighter wants to see
those damn Tzimisce
gone as much as I!"

Moving slowly as
Marius talked, Ravek
crossed the room and
took up one of the
large broadswords
hanging on the wall
there. Testing its
weight as a butcher
might a piece of meat,
he places it back and
turns about to reply.
"Then I shall nary
worry as to being
found out... how now

then of my
compensation for this
deed?"

Maruis's face turned
dowr at that, standing
slowly as he
considered how to
properly articulate
this most important
part of the discussion.

He was, after all,
allocated only so much
by his Elders to bribe
this great vampire to
do their dirty work
for them.

"40,000 crowns...
and three of...
connections, if ye will
lad... in the higher
ups of the city... take
me meaning?"

His intrest peaked,
Ravek turns to
regaurd his
animalistic friend and
raises an eyebrow.
"Thats all? Hrmph...
well, very well then...
but do tell thine
betters tis merely
because I become soft
in my old age... and I
WILL be expecting the
nobles lead directly to
my abode when this is
over."

Nodding emphaticly,
Marius moved
towards the door,
secure in the
knowledge the
information that had
been provided to him
about Ravek's
'weakness' for Noble
blood had been quite
correct.

"Oh... and one more